



What is in the closet?



81 11 13

Chapter 1 by Maria

The house that I want to buy is different from all the others, it seems to have a couple doors that are locked. The seller said she had no idea where the key was. She never tried to open the doors, for some strange reason. But since the house will soon be mine, I want to take a closer look and open those doors. If I leave the back door open before we both leave, I can come back tonight.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



It worked. Sometimes the simplest plan is best. I'm standing in front of the first of three doors that have piqued my interest. The closet door in the downstairs study. In an old Victorian house like this, the locks are easy to pick. I used to do it in our own growing up, when my brother was hogging the bathroom. The internals of the lock move into place and I turn the knob.

Chapter 3 by Selena Raynee



With butterflies in my stomach and a flashlight in my hand, I open the door and walk in. I'm disoriented for some time; then I understand I'm still standing in front of the same door I should have opened just seconds ago.
What the -?

Chapter 4 by Elizabeth



I was completely confused! The door, why was it still shut? I tried again. It opened I walked in the door, I was disoriented for longer this time. Then I came out into the same spot I was before.

Why? Why? Why? Why was I still here? It was mind boggling to me. What did I do wrong? Or was there something wrong with the door?

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Chapter 5 by Glenda

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I was pretty sure I was still sane, yet the concept of madness did tug at my mind for a few moments as I tried to wrap my understanding around the circumstances. If I opened the door and walked through, I would find myself- I tried again just to be sure- back at the same door. Defiant, I attempted to find some sign of uniqueness in the door I was now presented with. Alas, I could not escape this lethal paradox. Each and every door that was situated in front of me (wherever I was) was the same. Each and every door in front of me...

That was it! I had gone wrong somewhere (though I must say with confidence that doors do not work that way)! With a sly grin in likeness to one who has just solved a particularly challenging riddle, I spun on my heels, now staring directly at-

-the same door? Surely not, for the handle was on the other side. I reached out a hand, grasped the handle, turned it, and let the door slide open on its hinges with a creak. Seized by curiosity, I stepped inside, and before me was a ceiling light, sticking out of the floor. It had to be identical to the one in the previous room, I thought. There was no mistaking it. But why would it be in the floor?

Then I looked up. The ceiling was panelled with oak, and in the top corner was the very door I had used to get here.

Not only was the house broken, but it seemed gravity was intent on joining in, too!

Chapter 6 by Min Yan



"What kind of house is this!" I questioned myself think what to do next. The ground is shaking like having an Earthquake. I grabbed my flashlight and materials and head inside the room.

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